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## A GLANCE AT MY INNER-LIFE.

BY A MUSICIAN ON THE CONTINENT.

MUSIC, in our time, is nowhere cultivated so earnestly as in Germany. Italy has been called the land of song, of poetry, of art; the great master-pieces of her sculpture and painting still reign—Dante and Tasso yet hold their undisturbed dominion; but it has been long evident that the popularity of her music is fast waning away. Germany is now the great school of music, of criticism, of philosophy; and the nations acknowledge her sovereignty. It has been observed by those who have watched the progress of this change, that the revolution in public taste has nowhere been more sure, and at the same time more gradual, than in England. Some five-and-twenty years ago, London rang with the melodies of the Italian school: Rossini, fêted and flattered, was placed at the head of all ancient and modern masters; Rubini sang; and Paganini played. Slowly this preference faded and declined. People were roused by the picturesque colouring of Weber, and the science of Spohr; Beethoven's spiritual, almost metaphysical, style was recognised and worshipped; the genius of Mendelssohn began to dawn; the unfamiliar name of John Sebastian Bach was listened to with respectful awe; and that of Albrechtsberger was heard for the first time beyond the musical circles of Vienna.

Pages might be occupied in the investigation of these effects, but the cause may be readily resolved into a mere question of ethics. Italy is the land of physical, Germany of intellectual development. The genius of Italy is radiantly clad, and crowned with the poet's laurel; she murmurs impassioned melodies, and her breath is Love. The presiding spirit of Germany, clad soberly, holds science in her hand, and truth is written on her broad pale brow: her name is Moral Philosophy. So with literature; so with music. She encourages patient study and earnest enthusiasm; the works of her children are a perpetual tribute to Thought and Time; while the syren songs of her southern sister, intoxicating for awhile, pall at last upon the ear. The Sensual-Beautiful is left weeping upon the earth, but the Spiritual-Beautiful journeys onward to the stars.

The progress of this great moral change, slow at first, is now daily increasing. London alone furnishes ample evidence; for while the Italian Theatre struggles feebly through successive seasons, innumerable societies, institutions, soirées, and concerts for the performance of classical works, flourish and bear fruit.

Not so was it when the southern school had attained the height of its power; when music in Germany was silently growing in strength and perfectness, till the era

should arrive for its recognition among men; when I, a child of fourteen years of age, left my native country to receive my education in a foreign musical academy.

I was born of English parents, but had the misfortune to become an orphan before I could fully appreciate the extent of my loss. A wealthy cousin undertook to provide me with a profession. Arrangements were concluded with the heads of an institution situated in a duchy of Central Germany, which I will call Hohenhausen; a premium was paid for my board, clothing, and instruction during the term of seven years. I was removed from the grammar-school of my native village, and after ten days of weary travelling, arrived at my destination. Here the guardianship of my relative ceased, and I was remembered no more. I received no reply to the letters I repeatedly wrote to him, and after I had been absent about sixteen months, he died. So ended my connection with England, and I had henceforth no prospect but through my own industry and perseverance.

The Musical Academy was one of the handsomest buildings in the little capital of Hohenhausen. The house was large and imposing, and was surrounded by a courtyard. It contained a concert-room, a library, four class-rooms, a suite of small private apartments for the resident professors, a spacious waiting-room, dormitories for thirty scholars, a large dining-room, and extensive kitchens. Four female servants and two men were kept, besides the porter at the gate. Each scholar made his own bed immediately before breakfast every morning; and we employed a shoeblack, whose little stall was close at hand, to varnish our boots; but those who could not afford to pay for his services had to perform that office for themselves. A matron attended to the housekeeping, and had especial charge of the female pupils; while a superintendent and librarian exercised the chief authority over the boys. The table was liberally provided, and a medical officer resided in the establishment. So did the masters of harmony, organ, piano, singing, and violin; and the rest of the teachers attended daily. Every year, six of the advanced students were elected as monitors, when it became their duty to attend to the practice of the rest. All branches of the science of music were taught in the academy, but never more than three to any one pupil; and one of these three was always selected for the leading study, to which the other two were deemed subordinate. Thus I learned counterpoint chiefly, and with it the organ and violin.

Our sovereign, the reigning Duke of Hohenhausen, honoured the institution by becoming our president, and we had honorary members and subscribers amongst almost all of the courts and crowned heads in the

German principalities. We gave annual fêtes, and quarterly concerts, and every year a great examination was held, to which all the chief musicians and amateurs from every quarter were invited. A committee of judgment was then formed of six eminent professors; medals were distributed to the deserving; and the most successful pupil received a laurel wreath, a certificate of merit, and a sum equivalent to L.12 sterling. To obtain this honour, and this almost inexhaustible fortune, became the ruling motive of my life. I was ambitious and industrious; I rose rapidly in the estimation of my teachers; I passed steadily upwards from class to class; and by the time I had been six years a student in the institution, I had obtained four of the annual medals. One year still remained to me, and this I resolved to spend in severe application, with the hope of gaining the laurel crown and the grant from the treasury.

I must now mention something of my companions. We had youths from all parts of Germany, some French, and two Spaniards. I was not only the solitary Englishman in the school, but I believe the only English resident in the duchy. It is not, therefore, surprising that I should be less English than German, that I should feel myself almost a stranger in my own country. The number of residents, exclusive of teachers and servants, was limited to thirty; and about ten of this number were girls. But, excepting at meal-times, we were never suffered to meet—our class-rooms and lessons were separate, and our acquaintance went no further than an occasional civility at the dinner-table, a dance at the yearly fête, a bow at the examination, or a stolen glance at chapel on the Sundays. Out-pupils were also received; but these attended daily, and their payments were made quarterly. A comfortable waiting-room, overlooking the garden at the back, was at their disposal during the intervals of tuition, where they could read, work, or practise; and those who came from a distance, were permitted to have refreshments sent in from a restaurateur's in the adjoining thoroughfare.

There is, perhaps, a musical institution in my native country, and another in the gayest capital of Europe, that might be advantageously remodelled on the principles of our Hohenhausen Academy, and thus accomplish the reform so greatly needed.

The accommodation for all was liberal, and thoroughly executed—the government paternal, and the rewards as generous as the resources of the foundation would permit.

Franz Kämpfer was an out-student; he was an undoubted genius, and his compositions had, for two successive years, carried off the great prize I so earnestly desired. We had been friends from the day he first entered the school, which was about a year and a half later than myself; and he had been to me almost an idol. But one day I had poured out to him all my aspirations and my hopes—I resolved to prepare an opera for the last examination at which I should be suffered to attend; to put my whole soul into my work; to win the crown; and with the wonderful L.12, to journey up to Paris, and offer my piece for representation at the Conservatoire. Franz heard my communication with undisguised surprise and contempt, and from that moment I lost his affection.

One day, when I remonstrated with him upon the change, he laughed sarcastically, and bade me do my worst to wrest the prize from himself. 'I have the first

place in the school, Herr Charles,' he said haughtily, 'and I mean to keep it.'

I was grieved, deeply grieved, but not discouraged by this alteration in my friend. Indeed, I think my loss nerved me to greater resolution, and, perhaps, a sentiment of retaliation lurking at the bottom of my heart, may have incited me to humble the arrogant self-sufficiency that would acknowledge no successes but its own. Besides this, I received every encouragement from M. de Savanne, our violin preceptor. He was an old French nobleman, whose property had been confiscated in the revolution, and who, from being one of the most accomplished of amateurs, had become one of the best of teachers. Patient, polite, indulgent, yet firm, he exercised an unbounded sway over his pupils. I had the good fortune to become his favourite élève. He was very poor, yet his appearance was always that of a courtier and a gentleman. I can now see the little diamond brooch in his ample shirt-frill, the massive signet-ring upon his attenuated finger, and the enamelled snuff-box which he carried in his waistcoat-pocket. Dear old M. de Savanne, can it be that thy familiar face and voice are but a memory in my heart? He often invited me to his little apartment in the evening, when the hours of study were past, and would then play duets with me, or sometimes sing little quavering French songs to the accompaniment of an old guitar which he kept under his bed, and which had never been revealed, he assured me, to any eyes but mine. He never mentioned his past history, the fearful events which had bereft him of wealth, rank, and country; but once he shewed me the miniature of his wife, and I remember, as if it were yesterday, how I turned away from the sight of his struggling emotions. Till then, I had never known that he had been married, and he alluded to the subject no more.

Now, M. de Savanne became my great prop and consolation. He urged me to spare no toil in the prosecution of my scheme; he placed his room at my disposal, for I could not write as I would wish in the public classes; and he even assisted me in composing the libretto of my opera. We took the *Crusades* for our subject, and called it *Richard Cœur de Lion*. Night after night I laboured when the rest had retired; but my undertaking was immense, and the time short for its completion. For the last three days and nights preceding the great event, I never rested from my task; and as the morning of the examination-day dawned grayly into the room, my trembling hand traced the last chord of the concluding chorus, and my opera, fully scored for band and vocalists, was finished as if for performance. I had tasted no food for thirty hours, and not all the persuasions of M. de Savanne could even now induce me to touch a morsel. I made a hasty alteration in my dress, drank half a tumblerful of brandy, and, with my precious manuscripts under my arm, took my place among the candidates in the concert-room. All the students were in attendance, and the examination was protracted till a late hour in the evening. Franz sat apart from the rest, with an expression of insolent assurance on his handsome face; and being one of the first to go up, was graciously received, and returned to his place with the evident conviction that his triumph was secure. I was one of the last examined, and when my turn arrived, I was utterly exhausted. I laid my opera upon the table. Glances of surprise were exchanged between the judges,

for no work more considerable than a symphony, or at the most a cantata of some three or four movements, had ever before been submitted to them by a competitor. For nearly an hour they were occupied in turning over the leaves, while I stood pale, trembling, and wearied out; for the rules did not permit a candidate to be seated during examination. At last they reached the end, and without expressing one word of praise or blame, desired me to go down, and the next student succeeded me. The business went on, but my head began to swim; I no longer heard or saw, and my veins seemed throbbing with fire. Then came a stir—a confusion—a silence; I heard, but had no power to reply to the voice of the usher calling me by name. Then M. de Savanne made his way over to me, and, taking me by the arm, led me forward. An elderly man with a portly presence, a red ribbon, and a jewelled order at his breast, rose and addressed me; but I could not seize the meaning of his words. He advanced, took a wreath of laurel leaves from the table, and descending the first step of the platform, laid it upon my brow, and placed a paper in my hand.

'Have you nothing to reply?' whispered M. de Savanne, shaking me violently by the arm. 'Do you know who it is? It is Spohr!—the great Doctor Spohr!' But the certificate fluttered from my nerveless grasp, and I fell heavily upon the floor! I had fainted!

Twelve days after this I started for Paris. My term had expired at the Academy about a week after the examination, and I instantly engaged a place in the next diligence for my journey. I parted with tears from M. de Savanne, and as I left his presence he forced three golden ducats into my hand. How well I knew the privation he would suffer from the gift, yet I dared not to refuse it!

My journey from Hohenhausen to Paris appears to me even now like a dream. I eagerly watched, yet scarcely remembered, the country through which I passed, so much was I distracted between the novelty of my present position, and the golden future my imagination bodied forth. Possessed of my opera, the sum of thirteen pounds ten shillings English, and the enthusiasm of twenty-one years of age, I felt endowed with an immortality of wealth and happiness, and took no heed of locality or time. My route lay through Holland and Belgium. There were now railways in many parts of France, and leaving Antwerp on the Saturday, I arrived in Paris at five o'clock on a bright autumnal Sunday morning. I was not long delayed in the custom-house, for all my luggage consisted of my precious manuscripts, my violin, and my valise. With these under my arm, I went forth from the station, and found myself in a new world—in the bright, dazzling, tree-lined boulevards of Paris! It had been my intention to seek lodgings immediately, but I forgot everything on beholding the wonders around me. The morning air was very clear; the sun shone vividly upon the tall white houses, with their jalousies and gilt balconies; theatres, shops, pleasure-gardens, and hotels, not yet opened, lined the great thoroughfares; columns, palace-like buildings, fountains, and churches, were passed in never-ending succession! At last I came to the front of a superb edifice, surrounded with pillars, and with statues of saints standing in niches round the walls. A noble flight of steps led up to the entrance, and a gilt cross surmounted the frieze. This was the Madeleine. The doors were just being opened, and an old sacristan, in a black serge gown, was placing the chairs in order for the matin-service. I went in. Several women were sweeping the floors, and some young acolytes were placing fresh flowers on the altar. The golden decorations, the gorgeous paintings on the ceiling, the chapels with their statues and wax-lights at the sides, all conspired to increase my dreamy joy. I gazed and wandered round and round; till,

overpowered with fatigue and admiration, I shrank into a chair in a distant corner of the church, and fell into a profound sleep. How long it lasted, I know not; but sounds of chanting, and the deep voices of an organ, mingled with my dreams. When I awoke, the last lingering worshippers were leaving the aisle, the music had ceased, the lights were being extinguished on the high altar, the noise of life and rushing carriages came thickly from the boulevard beyond, and the service was over. When I went forth, all was changed. Where there had been silence, there was a confusion of sound; where there had been closed shops and deserted pathways, there was gaiety, business, and thronging passengers. The shops blazed in the sun with rich stuffs and bijouterie; the stone-masons were at work on the new buildings; the lemonade-venders and mountebanks were playing their busy trades; a troop of cavalry passed along with their bright accoutrements and martial music; loungers and ladies were feasting their eyes upon the milliners' windows, or sitting in the open air outside the restaurants drinking chocolate and eau sucrée!

I thought myself still dreaming. I stood still, and stared around me with bewildered amazement. Could this indeed be Sunday?—the sacred day which I had been accustomed to see so reverently kept? I can scarcely now recall how that day was passed, or the varying emotions of delight and mistrust with which I traversed the fairy-land around me. I remember dining at a magnificent restaurant, in which the walls were all paintings and mirrors, and being terrified at the sum which the refreshment stole from my scanty purse. I am sensible of having wandered through the gardens of the Tuileries, and gazed on the obelisk and fountains of the Place de la Concorde; of pacing round and round the marvellous arcades of the Palais-Royal, and of traversing some of the enchanted galleries of the Louvre; of shuddering as I hastened past the Morgue; and of kneeling, half-stupified with fatigue and pleasure, beneath the bare and lofty ceiling of Notre Dame. It was not till evening came on, and the lights blazed forth from theatres and cafés, that I remembered that I had as yet no place where I might lay my head.

After wandering through many broad and brilliant thoroughfares, I came at last upon a cluster of narrow streets, branching off through a massive stone gateway from the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre. This little nook was called the Cité Bergère, and there I found several houses, with the notice of apartments to let suspended from over the doors. There were two men in blouses sitting outside the entrance to one of these houses, with a little table between them, playing cards. A woman with an infant stood just within the hall, and a cat was purring close beside their feet. I stood still for some moments and observed them, but they were so absorbed in their game, that I remained unnoticed. The faces of both were dark, honest, and good-humoured; the picture was pleasant and domestic, and I resolved to address them. My inquiries for an apartment were instantly listened to by the younger *ouvrier* with respectful attention. He desired his wife to shew monsieur the unlet rooms, bowed profoundly, and resumed his seat, his pipe, and his game. There were chambers on the second, third, and fifth story vacant; all varying in price, according to their altitude. The first-named was too expensive for my modest means, and the last I thought scarcely good enough for the composer of an historical opera, with a certificate of merit, and a store of golden ducats in his pocket; so I engaged a single apartment on the third story, for which I agreed to pay twelve francs a week, with attendance and linen included. Such a child was I still in all worldly matters, and so little did I calculate how long my scanty finances would be likely to endure! I scarcely observed my room; but entering imme-



diately into possession, threw myself hastily upon the bed, and slept profoundly. It was long past noon the next day when I awoke. The sun was shining in upon my eyes, and the air bore the early chill of autumn. I rose and inspected the details of my little home; admired the ornolu time-piece, the ornamental candlesticks on my chimney-piece, the little writing-table in the window, the chiffonnière with its marble top, the two easy-chairs, the pretty French-bed with its chintz hangings, and the pots of geranium placed outside the balcony. I was delighted with everything I saw, and thought myself the happiest fellow in the world! This day I resolved to call upon the manager of the Opera Française; and taking my precious work, inquired my way to the theatre. I reached the doors in the Rue Lepelletier; the entrance was crowded with gentlemen and livery-servants engaging places for the evening entertainment; and it was with difficulty that I could obtain a hearing from the keeper of the box-office, or make him comprehend that I desired an audience of the manager. He was busy, and his tone hasty and self-important. Monsieur had better come at an earlier hour the next day. At present, M. B—— was engaged. Had monsieur any very special letter of introduction? I replied in the negative, and was proceeding to state my business, when he turned his back abruptly, and commenced speaking to some one else. Once more I tried to address him, but he scarcely deigned me a reply; and, humbled and disconcerted, I drew away, and the next moment found me in the street.

I could not conceal from myself that I felt abashed and disappointed; yet I was not seriously uneasy at my first rebuff, and was soon strolling along as light-hearted and enjoying as before. Again I found my way to the Louvre, and spent the whole day in a trance of admiration amid the world of new life that opens upon us, from the priceless works that line its walls with 'riches fineness.' Leaving there, I dined at a brilliant restaurateur's in the Palais-Royal, and at night strolled into one of the theatres. I was hardly familiar enough with the language thoroughly to follow the business of the pieces; but I comprehended enough to enjoy the entertainment heartily, and I returned at night to my lodgings very tired and very happy. The next day I went to the theatre, and was refused an audience, on the pretence that M. B—— was absent. Still I staved off the doubts that were gathering over my mind. The next day I went again, but with the same result—and the next after that. The fourth time I was treated by the officials with absolute rudeness—they laughed together before my face, and as I entered, said one to another: 'Voilà, voilà, see the monsieur with the parcel of music!'

Almost broken-hearted, I turned away; but I yet hoped that all was not hopeless. I had chosen the hour badly—I had not been sufficiently explicit in my statement—I had not mentioned the certificate of merit! The last thought was a brilliant one; I turned back again instantly, and making my way once more to the *bureau des loges*, begged timidly, but with profound deference, to be allowed to explain to monsieur that I was a pupil of the Hohenhausen Academy of Music; that I had received the laurel crown, and been honoured with their certificate of merit. My communication was hailed by a burst of laughter from the loungers, and an angry *sacré* from the keeper of the office. How shall I confess it? I was ordered to the door, and threatened with the gendarmerie if ever I ventured to return!

Burning with shame and indignation, I left the place with as much dignity as I could assume, and, hastening to the gardens of the Tuileries, walked to and fro amid the shady alleys of limes and chestnut-trees, till I had somewhat regained my equanimity. This time I was not so much disheartened as angry. Was I, a musician, a gentleman, to be thus treated? I felt within myself the power to command respect—to earn distinction; and

my blood boiled at the indignities to which I had been subjected. I resolved to write to M. B——, acquainting him with my treatment, stating the motive which had induced me to request an audience, naming my qualifications, and at the same time enclosing my opera for his perusal. I hastened home to the Cité Bergère, and after destroying five letters in succession, at last produced one which I fondly deemed a very model of eloquence, modesty, and respectful remonstrance. I was too proud to make my appearance again in the Rue Lepelletier, so I engaged a commissionaire, or public messenger, to carry the parcel. This done, I felt relieved and happier. My *Richard Cœur de Lion* was now fairly launched upon the world, and I again indulged in sanguine hopes of prosperity.

But for some days I had observed with anxiety that my expenses were great, and that my store of money was rapidly diminishing. I now sought a cheaper restaurateur's, and made up my mind to relinquish all theatrical or public amusements that must be purchased with money. So I dined at an humble establishment on the Quai des Orfèvres for ninety centimes, in the company of ouvriers and grisettes; and limited my daily recreations to the promenades, the churches, the Louvre, and the free exhibitions. Still my little store melted away from my fingers; I could no longer close my eyes to the black prospects before me; and I often sat for hours under the trees in the public gardens, gloomily brooding over the poverty by which I must speedily be overtaken. Another long, long week passed on, and yet no reply arrived from M. B——. I grew sick at heart, and no longer placed faith in the excuses with which I strove to account for his silence. It was in vain that I said: 'He is busy; he needs time to reflect upon so considerable a work; it is better that he should not decide too hastily.' Alas! my heart rejected the hollow comfort which my head devised; and when the third week's rent of my lodging had been paid, I found but eighteen francs remaining in my purse. I went up to my chamber, after settling with my landlady, and sat down on the edge of my bed in utter despair. The next week's rent would be twelve francs more, which just left me six for my board, and when that was gone—The thought was madness!

At last, from the depths of my grief, a hope suggested itself to me. I had written nothing since my arrival in Paris—suppose that I composed some light attractive dance-music, and offered it for sale at one of the music-shops! A sunbeam of hope seemed to dawn over me; but first of all I arranged with Madame Lemerrier, my hostess, that I should leave my pretty room, and occupy a garret on the sixth floor, at four francs a week. I instantly moved up; my possessions, which consisted only of my travelling-bag and violin, went with me in my hand. The room was clean, but cold and ill-furnished: a deal-table stood in the centre; a narrow uncurtained bed in one corner; and a chest of drawers and a couple of chairs completed the decorations. Here I sat down to write. Not an idea could I summon to my aid, and leaning my head forwards upon my hands, I stared hopelessly upon the blank music-paper. Suddenly a little sparrow perched on the sill of my attic-window, and peeping timidly in upon me, twittered a tiny note of welcome. The tears rushed over my eyes; a thousand recollections and emotions filled my heart; a stream of melody seemed to flow over my soul; and in an hour I had sketched a couple of light and brilliant waltzes for pianoforte and violin. I took my hat and my compositions, and was about to go instantly in quest of a purchaser. Just as I reached the door of my chamber, I heard again the twitter of the friendly sparrow. I turned back, and taking the last piece of my breakfast-roll from my pocket, crumbled it upon the window-ledge: 'Come, little friend,' I said with a faint smile, 'come, and eat thy fill! To thee I owe my work, and so long as I have food for myself,

thou shalt never want for a breakfast!' I then closed the window, and retreated. Presently he ventured back again, and I left him enjoying the feast.

That day I went to seven music-shops, and not one of the publishers would even suffer me to leave my waltzes for approbation. Paris, they said, was overstocked with dance-music; there was no sufficient profit now upon the sale of works to enable them to pay unknown composers, &c. The next day I tried one or two more, but with no better fortune. At last I gave myself up to a dreamy hopelessness: sometimes I would lie all day upon my bed; sometimes I wandered restlessly about the streets, as if seeking something, I knew not what. Another week gone, and still no letter from the Conservatoire! The worst was come; and nothing but starvation was before me. At last a terrible day dawned, when my last sou was gone, and a few chestnuts were all I had left. The weather was bitterly cold, and the wind howled dismally round the upper stories of the houses. I had no fire—no food. I remained in bed for warmth, and strove to sleep, that I might escape from the pangs of hunger. In the afternoon I could resist the enemy no longer, and I ate the remaining chestnuts with avidity. Still these did not suffice for my necessity. A deeply humiliating alternative suggested itself to my mind, and though I dismissed it many times, it kept returning with tenfold strength, and at last was no longer to be resisted. I rose from my bed; dressed myself hastily; drew my hat over my eyes; and taking my violin under my arm, went feebly down the staircase, out into the streets, and in the direction of the Champs Elysées. It was night. The promenade was brilliant with lights from cafés and exhibitions; actors were performing in the little *affresco* theatres; the gardens of the restaurants were filled with people; bands were playing; lotteries, fruit-stalls, and merry-go-rounds were fully occupied; and throngs of well-dressed people were strolling in the avenues of trees, and along the broad paths beside the carriage-drives. Tears of shame and pride were stealing down my cheeks. I took up my station beside a group of elms, and drew my bow across the strings. With the first note, I seemed to wake as if from a cruel dream; I shuddered; I replaced the instrument in the case: 'No!' I cried half-audibly, 'I will die first!'

And I thought of dying, too, as I hurried from the place. I wandered up to the Pont Louis XVI, and gazed down, with an undefinable longing for peace, into the dark waters of the Seine. Then I turned away, and about midnight re-entered the gates of the Cité Bergère. Slowly, slowly I toiled up the weary staircase; slowly I entered my cheerless attic, and heavily I dropped into a chair.... Heavens!—a letter! I seize it—tear it open—can scarcely read it for anxiety! The blood rushes to my cheeks—suddenly the writing becomes confused—my eyes are blinded with hot tears, and, sobbing loudly in my joy, my head drops upon the table, and I yield to my emotions like a child!

My opera is accepted! my opera is accepted! There is a great deal more than this in the letter: M. B— offers me three thousand francs for my work, and politely laments the rudeness of his servants; but all this is nothing to me: I neither read nor heed it—my opera is accepted, and that is all I care for in the world! Soon my wild intoxication of delight subsides; a sense of deep peace and gratitude pervades my heart; I sink upon my knees, and, thanking the Giver of this blessing, pray fervently for strength to bear my happiness, and guidance to employ it with humility and worthiness. Happy night!—pain, anxiety, hunger, all forgotten and unfelt! Happy sleep, and still more happy daybreak!

The next morning, at an early hour, I waited on M. B— at his private residence, and received from him an advance of five hundred francs for my immediate necessities. It now only remains for me to add, that

*Richard Cœur de Lion* proved himself as successful a crusader as ever, and achieved a signal triumph over the musical circles of Paris; that I am every day ascending higher up the ladder of prosperity; and that my first opera has been succeeded already by two others.

My fourth dramatic composition is now in progress; and perhaps, reader, if you visit Paris next season, you may chance to be present at its performance. If you are a critic, be kind.

### THE ONYX AND THE CAMEO.

Few productions of art are more delicately beautiful than *cameos*, or, as some writers give the plural, *camei*. It is sometimes thought that a medal or medallion, or a similarly engraved article in relief, is necessarily a cameo; but there is a needless confusion of terms here. Cameo has a special meaning, and a very pretty meaning too. It is understood that, in a good cameo, the ground shall be of a different tint from the raised device; and the difficulty is, to find a substance which presents this difference. It will not suffice to paint the cameo, as a means of producing the diversity; this would be a sham, a factitious and imitative affair, having no value in the eyes of a person of taste.

In olden times, the cameo engravers always employed gems or valuable stones, selected with especial reference to variations in tint; but the cheap cameos of modern days are made of shell, and the still cheaper imitations, of glass. The *onyx* appears to have been more generally selected than any other gem—obviously in consequence of the very remarkable tints which it presents. The true onyx of the mineralogist does not mark the limit of application; for the engravers give the same name to other stones which, though mineralogically different, are, in structure and appearance, very similar. The two chief kinds employed are the *sardonyx* and the *carnelian onyx*. The use of such stones for such a purpose is of so high antiquity, that no one can safely name the period of its introduction. There may be truth in the supposition that the art was invented in India, thence introduced into Egypt, and thence copied by the Jews, who practised it after the Exodus from Egypt. Be that as it may, the numerous passages in the Bible relating to engraved stones and jewels are well known, and point to the existence of the art among the Israelites. 'Onyx-stones and stones to be set in the Ephod, and in the breast-plate of the high-priest,' are among the gifts which the people were commanded to bring to the tabernacle. Moses was also commanded to take two onyx-stones, and engrave on them the names of the children of Israel, or rather of the twelve tribes—six on the one, and six on the other. The instructions are very precise, for they relate to the 'work of an engraver in stone, like the engravings on a signet.' It is true that this does not necessarily imply a production analogous to a cameo, since it may have been engraved in intaglio or sunken lines, instead of in relief. So far as can at present be judged, the Hindoos, Egyptians, Hebrews, and Persians, chiefly valued their engraved stones for the written or hieroglyphic characters wrought on them; but the more refined Greeks aimed at higher results—they sought to render their engraved stones works of art, and it was then only, properly speaking, that true cameos were produced. When heads and figures were introduced upon the gems, the fancy of the Greeks had at once a wide field opened for its exercise. The

Romans, likewise, practised the art with great skill, and some of their productions, still extant, are truly wonderful. The Italians, who derived their knowledge of the art from their predecessors the Romans, are at the present day the most skilful cameo engravers; the productions of France and England in this art being less striking.

In a recent number of the *Art Journal* was given an interesting account of the present mode of conducting the cameo art. We will present in a condensed form the more popular and easily understood details.

It appears that Oberstein, a small town in Prussian Saxony, furnishes the chief supply of onyxes for the cameo engravers. Some are brought from the Brazils and from the East Indies, but the European artists depend chiefly upon Oberstein. The onyx occurs in detached pieces in the ground, in rows, all separated like the nodules of flint in chalk. The value of each specimen depends mainly on the character of its markings or tints. Sometimes chalcedony and carnelian are stained to imitate real onyx; and this, indeed, forms one of the arts carried on at Oberstein. There are layers or strata in chalcedony, which, though presenting the same tint to the eye, differ in texture and compactness. The stone is capable of absorbing fluids in the direction of the strata; but this power differs in the different strata, some of which will absorb more than others. Hence it follows that one single stone, treated with one single liquid, may be made to present as many gradations of tint as there are layers or strata, owing to their difference in absorptive power. This fact renders clear a statement in Pliny, which was long a matter of puzzlement. He speaks of the Roman artists boiling the onyx-stones with honey for seven or eight days. This statement, once discredited, is now believed, for there are dealers in agate, onyx, chalcedony, and carnelian, at Oberstein and Idar, who have manufactories in which analogous processes are carried on.

This onyx dyeing is very curious. It was for many years a secret in the hands of one person at Idar, who is supposed to have derived it from Italy; but the art seems now to be regularly practised in the two towns above named. Suppose the artist to have a piece of chalcedony, or of red or yellow carnelian, which he wishes to convert into an onyx for the cameo engraver; he proceeds as follows:—The stone is carefully washed and dried; it is placed in a clean vessel containing honey and water, and is there maintained at nearly a boiling heat for a period of two or three weeks—the watered honey being renewed as fast as it evaporates. This done, the stone is transferred to a vessel containing strong sulphuric acid; it is covered over with a piece of slate, and the acid is heated to 350 or 400 degrees Fahrenheit. If the stone be soft, a few hours of this powerful ordeal will suffice; but a harder specimen may require immersion in the hot acid for a whole day. The stone is then washed and dried in a kind of oven, it is polished, and it is steeped for some days in oil. The oil is afterwards removed by rubbing the stone gently with bran. Sulphuric acid is used only in the cases when a dark or onyx ground is required; if a red or carnelian ground be sought, the acid is nitric instead of sulphuric. We have spoken of one stone only, but several are operated upon at once. Now, the conjoint action of the honey, the acid, and the oil appears to be this: the honey penetrates into the porous layers of the stone, and is carbonised in the pores by the acid; this carbonisation deepens the tints of the dark layers in the onyx specimens, and of the red layers in the carnelian specimens; while the heat increases the opacity of the white layers, thus rendering the contrast more striking.

There are mechanical processes carried on at Ober-

stein, besides this chemical treatment of a particular kind of stone for a particular purpose. Besides onyx, agate, chalcedony, and carnelian, the Oberstein lapidaries work upon amethysts and other stones and gems. The rough chalcedony or onyx stones are ground upon small mills formed of very hard sandstone, mounted on horizontal axes, and worked by water-power. The stones are generally ground until some particular layer or tint comes conspicuously to the surface; and then a polishing process succeeds. It is after this grinding that the singular chemical colouring operation is conducted, in those specimens which—whether onyx, or sardonyx, or carnelian—are to be used for cameos. A method very strange to all but those familiar with its adoption, is employed for determining the value of the stones. A small fragment is broken off, and is moistened with the tongue; the buyer carefully notes the rate at which the moisture dries away; he examines to see whether it be absorbed by the stone quickly or slowly, and whether in equal or different degrees by the different layers. According to the greater or lesser rapidity of absorption, and to the equality or inequality of the absorption in different parts, so does he judge the susceptibility of the stone to receive the peculiar colouring action by means of honey, on which its fitness as a cameo material so much depends. The cameo-stones prepared at Oberstein and Idar are estimated at about L.3000 annual value.

When a suitable piece of stone reaches the hands of the cameo engraver, he has many matters to take into consideration before he can commence his artistic labours. He has to determine what his design shall be, and how far the layers of the stone will be suitable for that design. Supposing him to select a head or bust on a dark ground, he would wish that the line of division between the light and dark layers of the onyx should be clearly defined, so as to coincide with the line of division between the device and the ground. When the stone consists of several layers of colour, considerable scope is afforded for the exercise of judgment in selecting a design, in which the whole of the colours can be rendered available consistently with true artistic effect. In reality, therefore, the cameo engraver does not resolve upon his design, and then search about for an onyx suitable for it; he rather takes an onyx, studies its layers and tints, and adapts a design to it. He may, it is true, have beforehand a general notion of the sort of cameo which he wishes to produce; but leaves himself open to modifications of plan according to the character and qualities of the onyx.

These preliminary matters being settled, the artist proceeds with his delicate labours. He makes a drawing and a model: the drawing is much larger than the stone, but the model is the exact size of the stone. The wax-model is gradually wrought so as to represent the exact device which he wishes to produce in relief on the cameo; and this serves him as a pattern or authority during his work. The outline is sketched on the surface of the stone, and is cut in with a sharp instrument; after which, the whole of the white portion of the onyx, beyond the limits of the design, is cut away, leaving the dark portion as a background. The interior portion of the design is then worked, by gradually cutting away the parts that are to be sunken: the wax-model serving as a guide in respect to the depth to which the various points of the cutting are to be carried. This process of engraving is not effected, as some might suppose, by sharp chisels and gravers; the implements used are small revolving wheels made of soft iron. A sort of lathe is worked by a treadle; the little wheels are made to rotate rapidly; the onyx is held to the edge of a wheel; and the rapid revolution causes the wheel to cut away or abrade the surface of the onyx. It might perhaps be supposed that, as the onyx is harder than the soft iron, the latter would wear away rather than the former; but the stillness of the one and



the rapid movement of the other reverse this effect. A tallow candle fired from a gun, will penetrate a deal board, from an analogous cause. The little wheels employed vary in size and shape: some have edges as thin as a knife, while others have the edges more rounded; the largest are seldom more than a fifth or a sixth of an inch in diameter, while the smallest appear little more than mere points, although a magnifier shews them to possess the true circular or disk form. It is not the actual iron of the wheel which cuts the onyx, but a little diamond dust which, moistened with oil, is applied to it. Thus does the artist proceed with his slow and tedious work, cutting away the white part of the onyx until he has realised the full idea of his design. And when this is done, other little wheels of copper and of boxwood are employed to polish the dainty work.

It is little matter for wonder that cameos which require so much patience, skill, and taste, should be costly. A well-executed cameo, with the head of a single figure upon it, costs even at the present day from L.12 to L.20. Nor need we express any surprise that attempts should be made to lessen the expense by employing some cheaper material than prepared onyx. Of all substitutes which have been tried, shells have been found most suitable; and hence has been introduced a new candidate to public favour—*shell cameos*. Some sorts of shell have the advantage of being soft enough to work upon with ease, while they afford the necessary variety in colour. Among other kinds, the shell called the 'Bull's Mouth,' from Madagascar and Ceylon, has a red or sardonyx inner coat or ground; the 'Black Helmet,' from Jamaica, Nassau, and New Providence, has a blackish or onyx inner coat; while the 'Queen Conch' has a pink ground. These shells are formed of three distinct layers of calcareous matter, deposited one after the other in the formation of the shell. For cameos, the central layer forms the body of the bas-relief; the inner layer being the ground; while the third or external layer is rendered available to give a varied appearance to the surface of the design. If the three layers are of different tints, the power of producing beautiful results is greatly increased; but if the layers be not well compacted together, a durable cameo could not result; and the artist has therefore many requirements to guide his selection. The shell called the 'Black Helmet' is large enough to yield two or three brooch cameos. The shell cameos are not wrought by revolving wheels, but by sharp cutting tools held in the hand—such as gravers, hardened wire sharpened at the point, and darning-needles. This pretty art-manufacture is said to have been introduced in Sicily about half a century ago, and to have been confined to Italy for twenty years or so; but an Italian then began to make shell cameos at Paris, where the art has ever since been carried on more extensively than anywhere else.

Besides the cameos made of onyx and of shell, others are now made of glass. It has been found that some kinds of glass, if exposed for any considerable time to a high degree of heat, but below their point of fusion, are so far changed in their properties and texture as to become opaque, fibrous, tough, and extremely hard. It has also been found that two or more layers of glass, of different colours, may be cemented together into one whole. These two facts have rendered it easy to produce a material out of which cameos might be engraved by means similar to those which the flint-glass engraver employs in adorning decanters and table-glass generally. If done quickly and roughly, they are very cheap; if done carefully, they are very beautiful; so that it is not improbable that glass cameos may be produced extensively as illustrations of the finest specimens of ancient art.

It need perhaps scarcely be said, that seal engraving is, in principle, simply the reverse of cameo engraving. The seal is engraved, to use the artistic expression, in

intaglio, while the cameo is engraved in relief. The mode of cutting an onyx or carnelian seal would be by small revolving disks or cutters, as in the case of cutting a cameo in the same materials.

### SHIELDS AND SALVES.

It is a very plaguy thing in this world, that one every now and then comes into contact with persons handsomer, cleverer, more accomplished, and every way better than ourselves—or presumed to be so—so that our *amour propre*, as the French call it, is liable to continual wounds. There is one way of avoiding all such injuries, which some few happily constituted persons find themselves capable of realising, and this is, to fall into a hearty admiration of the superior individuals, to love, follow, and delight in them, to make ourselves of their party, and, as it were, identify ourselves with them. In that case, all is well, and there is no occasion for further remark. But, as is well known, there is a vast number of persons who do not find it in their hearts to indulge in an appreciation of qualities strikingly superior to their own, and who consequently would pine under a sense of their lower position, were it not that nature has kindly furnished certain other means of protection for a harassed self-love.

At every ball, as you are well aware, there is one pretty girl, in the full bloom of young womanhood, lightfooted and gleesome, and usually dressed in a strikingly handsome style. The gentlemen appear generally to admire her, and two youths persecute her the whole evening with their attentions. She is a painful subject of contemplation to a considerable number of her own sex, matrons as well as maids; but there is even for this sore a salve. You begin, in a poetical rapture, to speak of her to one of these ladies, who quickly settles you with an inquiry, if you mean that showy girl in pink ribbons. Showy girl! Perfect loveliness reduced to the epithet *showy*! Or, if you begin with the decided remark that Miss — is really a lovely young creature, you may be petrified with: 'Oh, do you think so?' followed by: 'I can't say I admire her complexion;' or, 'She has not good eyes;' or, 'Her manner is bad;' some detraction, in short, which may preserve her contemporaries from being utterly beat down by her superiority. The ingenuity which the sex shews in bringing up protectives on such occasions is surprising. Should there be no citable fault just ready, your friend will reply to your remark on the attractiveness of the young beauty: 'And doesn't she know it, too?' as if, though she did, there were any harm in it. The ordinary protection, however, from the superior beauty of these young creatures who flash forth in the ball-room for a season, is the simple word *showy*. Be always ready with this word, and you are safe.

If you are an author whom the public has unaccountably neglected, and hear a very popular one spoken of in terms of admiration, you may save yourself by a very simple expedient. *Regret that he is so conceited*. This always tells somewhat. If his praises be still pressed, cite his worst books, and state candidly your suspicions that he gets all his best ideas from the Germans. In an extreme case, cut him up in a weekly review.

To a lady who has no recommendations or accomplishments, we have a very serviceable course to suggest with regard to those specimens of the sex who, being

agreeable and accomplished, are apt to carry away the admiration of the gentlemen. Some one, we shall say, remarks: 'What a pleasant, accomplished person is Mrs Pennington! Plays and sings so well, and always ready to oblige.' Strike in with: 'Oh, but don't you think her very affected?' It is one of the most blessed things in the whole armoury of self-love, that you can always interpret away the brilliant qualities of others as *affectation*. A pretty woman is taken ill, and becomes a subject of attention—all *affectation*! A good pianist is asked to play a particular piece, and declares she cannot—all *affectation*! With a little dexterity, you may bring the most brilliant superiority down to your own level by insinuating—*affectation*. Sometimes extraordinary mental gifts are accompanied by great artlessness. Never mind that. The artlessness will be sure to exhibit itself in some sort of eccentricity; and this eccentricity can always be plausibly described as *affectation*. In short, we do not know any bright thing in human nature, that the term *affectation*, well managed, will not apply to, and do for.

Are you a prudent person, who see well to your own comforts, and allow everybody else to see after theirs without any interference on your part; in short, one who has no great character for benevolence? It is very likely that you will occasionally hear persons of an opposite kind much praised for their continual efforts and sacrifices in the cause of humanity; and this is apt to become rather galling, as tending, though indirectly, to set those said persons above yourself. What is to be done here? Set it all down to *vanity*. 'Yes, he usually subscribes handsomely—he knows that the money will not be lost.' 'Oh, ay, he rather likes a good case of misery to make a work about—it is so much to credit in the ledger of reputation.' If there be any objection to receiving this view of the matter, call up any circumstance you can remember—and there are sure to be many—in which he shewed himself not quite dead to a sense of his own worldly interest, albeit quite in a legitimate way: cite this as shewing him to be a worldly man, fully relying to be borne out by that well-known idiosyncrasy of the public, that they never can look on a character in two lights. Thus you pretty effectively dispose of his praises for benevolence, and leave yourself in calm enjoyment of your own reflections on the propriety of never attending to anything but your own interests and gratifications, all else being 'vanity and vexation of spirit.'

One cannot here fail to remark what a felicitous arrangement it is in mundane affairs, that the plain, the dull, the unaccomplished, and the selfish, are thus enabled to go on with some degree of comfort, in company with the beautiful, the clever, the accomplished, and the generous, who would otherwise be to them a continual eyesore and pest.

In the relations of domestic life, there are numberless occasions when the self-love is invaded; but here, too, by a merciful dispensation, there are always shields and salves to protect and heal. If you have been reproached or chid about anything, to save yourself from too great mortification, and throw back on the censurer some part of your own sufferings, try to reduce the principle on which he proceeds to the absurd. For example, a gentleman hints to his wife disapproval regarding the amount of money she has expended on some particular matter in housekeeping, and expresses some anxiety about her keeping nearer

to a square with his general means and income. Say it is a rather fine family dinner which has excited his remarks. The lady, having at the moment expressed the usual regret that she *never* can please him, has only to take care next day to have nothing better on the table than boiled mutton and turnips, knowing well enough that it is a dish he dislikes, and that he decidedly prefers a variety of things for dinner. In this way she at once vindicates her taste for economy, and proves to him that he had better not interfere in such matters. Say he has vented a little impatience on having one day had to wait a quarter of an hour in the lobby with a cab at the door, while she lingered at her toilet, engaged in some interesting new experiment upon ringlets or bonnet-ribbons. Her unfailing resource is, next day, to be ready a full hour before the time, and harass him by taps at his dressing-room door, with inquiries if he is not yet coming. Whenever a husband counsels a course of proceedings the reverse of that which his wife has suggested, thus throwing a slur upon her opinions, she, if a woman of any dexterity or judgment, will be at no loss to repay the compliment and something more, by following that said course of his out to a point which he will feel to be inconvenient, or in certain relations of time and place which he never intended, and which will give it an air of folly utterly mortifying to him. For example, if he finds any fault with the way little Harry is dressed when sent to school, and recommends that the poor child should not be quite smothered in greatcoats and comforters, let that youthful scion of the family-tree appear next day in his very thinnest dress, and a mere ribbon-tie at his shirt-neck, notwithstanding its being perhaps colder weather than when papa made his unlucky observation. If he finds fault with this, let him know that you are acting under his directions, as you were led to understand that he preferred very thin dresses for his boy. A few such exemplifications of the *reductio ad absurdum*, will wear out in almost any husband the disposition to interfere in matters that more properly fall under his wife's jurisdiction, and, what is of more importance to the present question, they will effectually protect the *amour propre* of the weaker vessel.

Servants, who have feelings as well as their mistresses, may follow the same philosophy when they find their self-love in danger. If one has been rebuked by her mistress for the folly of putting on a large fire on a mild morning, she will know how to vindicate herself by putting on a very small fire next morning, albeit it is a comparatively cold one. Or, say she is chid for a small fire on a cold morning, she will have a large one the next, though, from a sudden elevation of the temperature, it is almost impossible to endure any fire in the room at all. This is merely a sample of what a clever servant may do in self-defence with an exacting or unreasonable lady. One of any spirit will be at no loss for similar devices on all suitable occasions.

We do not pretend to dictate to anybody; but it would be quite improper to conceal that there is another mode of conduct, totally the reverse of this, which, if it could be followed, would perhaps have a still better effect, at least in the long-run. We refer to the plan, followed by some, of having but a simple regard to what is most beneficial in the circumstances. A wife, for instance, may take a candid thought about her husband's means and tastes, and try to accommodate matters to the best results in both respects. By pleasing him, she may secure some satisfaction for herself. So may a servant, by taking a rational view of what is best for the comfort of the family she serves, obtain praise, approval, and, ultimately, higher wages. There



is such a thing as duty, and in its performance, many persons of good sense and noble feeling have, it must be admitted, found their highest happiness. This is at any rate a point worthy of some consideration; and it may perhaps occur to most of our readers that, after all, it may be best to suspend the operations of self-love in the instances of which examples have been given, and try, instead, what may be the effect of simply doing what we ought to do.

#### AN INDIAN TRIP.

I HAVE nothing to tell that is more uncommon here than a railway trip from London to Brighton would be with you. But the difference between travelling in India and in England is so remarkable, that it occurs to me to dash down as rapidly as we speeded the impressions of the journey, and try the effect upon good-natured listeners at home.

It was in the month of April we left Madras for the Neilgherry Hills, and right glad we were to forsake the scorching plains for the beautiful Blue Mountains, of which I had heard so much. Madras was beginning to be unbearably hot, though the sea-breeze still set in every afternoon, and made the nights tolerable. The first part of our journey was performed in an open carriage; we left the city at ten o'clock at night, the most agreeable time for travelling in India, and, by changing horses every ten or twelve miles, reached Arcot about seven the next morning—a distance of eighty miles. It was delightful rolling along in the bright moonlight—the nights in India are so enjoyable, the air so balmy and soft, and the stillness and silence of the vast plains we traversed so impressive. The mere absence of the sun is delicious; and the bright cold moon shining on us instead, with the brilliant fireflies glittering in every tree, gave a charm to the scene the glare of sunshine would have destroyed. As we stopped at the lonely wayside bungalows to change horses, the horrid cry of the jackal broke on our ears. It is one of the most unpleasant sounds I ever heard, so sharp, so savage, and, as it dies away in the distance, so strangely sad—breaking, too, as it always does, on the stillness of night: often as my ears have been saluted with this sound, I never hear it without a shudder.

Our journey from Arcot was continued partly by palanquin, and partly on horseback—the pleasantest way of travelling in India, if one has health and strength. A description of one day's proceedings will be quite sufficient, as they were so much alike, varied only by the different scenery we passed through. We were marching, as it is called, and had our own servants with us. Along the whole route there are public bungalows, stationed about every ten or twelve miles; sometimes more, sometimes less, and always close to a native village, where supplies of milk, rice, or any other simple necessary, may be easily procured. These bungalows are built and supported by government, and have some one always in attendance, very often a pensioned sepoy. They consist generally of two rooms, furnished with tables and chairs, and perhaps a cot, but all of the commonest description; bathing-rooms are attached to each of the apartments, sheds in the compound for cooking, and shelter for our steeds. We always started before daylight, in our palanquins; and as soon as the eastern horizon began to brighten, I used to call to my bearers to stop, that I might mount my horse, which was always led by the side of the palanquin, ready for my service. How much I enjoyed these early rides! the morning air so fresh and pure, and the scenery in many parts very agreeable. Sometimes we rode ten miles: the sun was always well up in the heavens before we arrived at the bungalow, for we journeyed very slowly, the roads being generally stony and difficult. We were glad to

find our servants ready to receive us, and busy preparing breakfast. Two or three of them always left the night-bungalow some hours before we started. A cup of tea was very refreshing after our long ride, and then a cool bath, and very often a sleep. The bungalows were disagreeably hot, not having the comforts and conveniences of our Madras home to alleviate the heat. An early dinner of the curry and rice, so delicious a dish in India, and then a chat, with work in hand, brought us on to sunset, when we strolled about for an hour. Tea in the veranda concluded our day, for 'early to bed and early to rise' was our motto. Sometimes we made a march in the evening, starting an hour before sunset, and riding along in the dusk till eight or nine o'clock—in the dusk, not in the dark, for it is never dark in India. Thrice we were obliged to travel all night, the resting-places being unhealthily situated: no European sleeps in such places if he can possibly avoid it, as fever is certain to ensue. One of these night-marches was rather exciting.

The bungalow where we had spent the day was situated in a thick jungle, at the foot of a very steep pass. On riding down this pass in the morning, we were guarded by a peon (a government servant answering to our police-officer), with pistols in his belt, and a long spear in his hand. The place was infested with tigers; and close on the side of our path was a bush covered with bits of cloth, where a man had been killed by one. These rags are contributed by the passers-by, to mark the tragic spot. As we were preparing to start, about nine o'clock in the evening, the servants came running in great alarm to say that a tiger had been seen close to the village by a man driving his buffaloes home from the jungle. It was arranged that we should all start together, as the servants were too much afraid to go on by themselves. What with palanquins, hackeries, horses, and servants, we formed a long cavalcade, the bearers and bullock-drivers carrying flaming torches, to scare away the tigers. One of the servants was armed with a pistol, which he fired off every now and then. I thought, as I gazed from my palanquin, that a spectator would have enjoyed the picturesque effect of the cortège, as we slowly wound up the pass; the peculiar cry of the bearers, the chattering of foreign tongues, and the sharp report of the pistol, adding much to the novelty of the scene. About half-way up the pass, the tappal-runner, or Indian postman, passed us. He was running quickly, and carried a flaming torch in his hand, to which a chain was attached, making a jingling noise as he passed. The letter-bag was strapped upon his back. I felt quite sorry for this poor man, threading his solitary way through the tiger-infested jungle in the obscurity of the night—for it was very cloudy, and we had neither moon nor star. The scene set me thinking of home and its comforts; but in the midst of my reverie I fell asleep, and did not awake till the bearers halted next morning at daybreak.

During our next night-march we had a little adventure, which I will describe. My sister and I had started in our palanquins, my brother was a little way behind, the children were in their bullock-coach, and almost all the servants had gone on ahead. I was just falling into a doze, when suddenly my palanquin was set down, and my ears were saluted with a storm of loud voices, the crying of women and children, and altogether such a din as only Easterns can make. I thought, of course, we were attacked by robbers, and sprang from my palkee. I found my sister close by me, asking what it meant; but nothing could be distinguished in the confused babel of voices. By the light of the bearers' torches, and a little bit of moon struggling through a clouded sky, we saw the bullock-hackeries without the team, and the bullocks unharnessed, lying quietly chewing the cud amidst all the turmoil around them, and a large convocation

of natives, all talking as fast as they could at the same moment. It was very trying to us, and we were glad when my brother came up and went into the crowd to inquire the cause of the disturbance; my sister and I retreated in the meantime to the shelter of our palkees, for it was quite chilly, and we were only in travelling attire. After a long altercation, we were allowed to go on our way peaceably, although too much excited to sleep after such an alarm, caused, as it turned out, by our servants having insulted some of the village people, which they had resented by an attack upon the hackeries. Of course, our people denied the charge against them; but it was evident that some were in a state of intoxication; and so believing that there were faults on both sides, my brother allowed the affair to pass, although he threatened the insurgents with informing the collector of the district, and having their village burned down.

It was on the 1st of May we arrived at the station at the foot of the ghaut, which led us to the Blue Mountains, having accomplished our journey of 300 miles in a fortnight. Very quick marching for India! The day was intensely hot, and we felt truly thankful it was our last in the low country for some time to come. The next morning we did not start till near sunrise. Wild elephants had been seen in the ghaut a short time previous, and one had attacked a party going up. Fortunately, none of the travellers was hurt; but the palanquin from which a lady had fled, not a moment too soon, was crushed to pieces by the huge animal! With this information, we determined on proceeding cautiously, and by daylight. We rode about five miles through a beautiful wood, and then stopped to break our fast, before commencing the ascent—and a charming breakfast we had, sitting on the ground close to a little stream. I never enjoyed a picnic more. The trees that surrounded us were magnificent, with the rich creepers hanging in clusters from the topmost branches. We were soon mounted again, as we had an ascent of ten miles before us. Although shaded from the sun, it was intensely hot. The scenery was splendid, equal to that of any Highland glen. The path was steep and winding; and every moment new beauties burst on our view. The ravine became steeper as we ascended, its precipitous sides clothed in the fresh and beautiful verdure of the East, among which shone conspicuous the graceful bamboo. Wild-flowers were everywhere around us; and little rills of delicious cold water—a luxury unknown in the plains—tempted us to stop every now and then to drink. The hum of insects was almost deafening.

About half-way up this lovely ghaut, we stopped to rest during the heat of the day. The bungalow is built on a beautiful spot, close to a waterfall, haunted with the most brilliant butterflies and dragonflies. We rambled about, enchanted with the views around us, which some of the party tried to sketch. After an early dinner and a short siesta, we again mounted our steeds. The path was steeper, but the air began to feel pure and fresh, and vegetation to assume a different character. I was now delighted to observe the fern by the wayside: it looked so homelike—and everything that reminds of home is precious in the eyes of an exile. My brother shot a black monkey here—a horrid-looking animal—and a pretty Malabar squirrel. It was nearly dark when we arrived at the bungalow at Coonoor, where we were to remain all night. We had still ten miles further to go before reaching Ootacamund, our place of destination; but we were on the hills, and in a climate so different from that of the previous night! Here awaited us a blazing fire, and a substantial English dinner of roast beef and vegetables. Oh, how cold we were that night!—I could scarcely sleep for the cold. We remained at Coonoor till late in the afternoon, enjoying the fine

scenery around us, and visiting some mulberry plantations, kept here for the rearing of silk-worms. The fruits at Coonoor are delicious; peaches, grapes, and oranges ripening in the open air. Just as we were starting, one of the mountain-storms came on—thunder, lightning, and heavy rain; but in a quarter of an hour it was all over, and the sky bright and blue again. The road, as we neared Ootacamund, became more hilly, and lost the fresh green of Coonoor. Barley grows on some of the slopes near Kathee, a short distance from Ootacamund, where stands a house built by Lord Elphinstone, and where he passed a good deal of his time. It is a pretty spot, but wants shade. The Kathee Pass is steep. Lord Elphinstone endeavoured to cut a new road through it to his house, but was obliged to abandon the attempt.

The last steep is ascended, and we gaze on the far-famed Ootacamund. The spire of the pretty little church is the first thing to attract notice. The houses are dotted about the hills in all directions, and in various styles of architecture, from the simple thatched cottage to the white, two-storied, English-looking dwelling. All are surrounded with wood and gardens. We had a steep hill yet to descend, and then to canteer up to our pretty new abode, where fires were blazing in every room to welcome us, and where we were thankful to alight, and feel once more at home after our long and varied journey.

## WEARYFOOT COMMON.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### GRAND DOINGS AT WEARYFOOT.

THE life of Simple Lodge was very monotonous after the departure of Robert Oaklands. Even the look-out from the windows was dull and dreary, as if the locality had fallen back into the condition in which it had been found, at a comparatively recent period, by the enterprise and industry of men. This condition was as desolate as can well be imagined. The distance was many miles from any town, or even any considerable village; on one side a natural wood covered a great part of the district; on the other was an undulating region of sand and gravel; and in the middle, skirted by the lonely road, lay an expanse of level ground overrun with coarse vegetation. From time immemorial this expanse was traversed diagonally by a footpath—the short cut already mentioned—by means of which many generations of wayfarers curtailed a little their dreary journey; and it was owing, probably, to this circumstance that the place came to be known by the appropriate name of Wearyfoot Common.

The first house that arose in the neighbourhood was the Hall, built by an ancestor—not very remote—of Mr Seacole. This gentleman bought a pretty extensive tract of land for a trifle, and chose a spot close by the Common for the seat of his family. Gradually some houses of less pretension arose in the neighbourhood, extending in line, with garden enclosures between, along the side of the Common, and simultaneously with them a public-house started up on the opposite side, at the entrance of the footpath, and was immediately followed by a gradually lengthening line of small habitations, known as the village of Wearyfoot. The first built of the range of comparatively aristocratic dwellings, and the nearest to the Hall, was Semple Lodge, so called by the captain, who purchased it on his retirement from active service: and to this house the story now returns, to note what the inmates have been about since it left them.

Sara's heart had been a good deal roused and alarmed

by the fit of sobbing into which she was thrown, as she watched from her little lattice the receding figure of the adventurer, and saw rising before her imagination, on the other side of the common, that cold dark world into which he was about to plunge. The contrast between him and Adolphus at their meeting the day before was very unfavourable to the latter, and she trembled at the mistake she had committed in fancying that her deeper feelings had been at all concerned in what she now believed could have been nothing more than girlish gratitude for novel and flattering attentions. She remembered that she had felt the taunts of the heir of the Hall as if they had been aimed at herself, and she reflected with absolute terror upon the encouragement with which she had met his advances. What if no such person as the outcast of the common had been in the way? Why, then, the young lady's illusion would have lasted till after the honeymoon; and when it was at length dispelled, the moralists would either have blamed her for the fickleness of her love, or have pitied her for throwing that love away upon a man who proved himself unworthy of the boon.

Adolphus called the next day, but Sara was indisposed, and could not see him. He returned on several successive days; but she took care to be constantly in attendance either on her aunt or uncle, and gave him no opportunity of speaking to her alone. But this could not last, for her reserve seemed to have the effect only of fixing the resolve of her lover; and she dreaded that he would increase the embarrassment of an interview that *must* come, by demanding it in the hearing of her relations. While in this state of hesitation and timidity, Molly came running to her one day when she was in the garden, and put a post letter into her hand: it was from Robert. On former occasions, Sara used to fly with the prize to the captain, without waiting to open it till she found him; but now she desired Molly to go and ascertain whether he was in the parlour, and as soon as her back was turned, tore open the seal, and finding an enclosure, a separate bit of folded paper, thrust it instantaneously into her bosom. This was not artfulness: it was instinct.

The letter was about London and its sights—about the writer's confidence of soon obtaining employment of one kind or other—and about his having already found a respectable address for his letters in Jermyn Street. It was soon finished; but then it had to be read again and again; and then the reader had to listen to, and take part in, a long series of comments and remarks; her face all the while flushed with excitement, and the enclosure burning in her bosom. At length she was free; she was in her own little room; the door was locked; even the window-blind was down; and Sara, drawing forth the paper, unfolded it with a trembling hand, and read as follows:—

'I am about to do for your sake what my nature shrinks from: I am about to lay myself open to the suspicion of mean and unmanly motives. You have observed that there is no good feeling between Mr Seacole and me, and you will naturally listen with distrust to the warning I am about to give you. Be it so. I do not wish you to form your opinion upon mine; I wish you to think for yourself, and for that end to pause, observe, and meditate before coming to a decision.

'To me, he appears to be haughty, selfish, and unscrupulous, and if I am correct in this, you will be able to ascertain the fact by simple observation. The feeling of distrust I would introduce into your mind can do no harm, for you are not only just but generous; while, without that feeling, your guileless nature will

be only too apt to receive any impression of his character he may choose to convey. Distrust me likewise—distrust even my motives if you will: if I can only induce you to deliberate in a matter of vital consequence to the happiness of your whole life, that will be of comparatively little consequence. Whatever your opinion of me may be now, I confidently believe that the time will come when you will do me justice—when you will know that I am altogether incapable of allowing any selfish feeling to dictate a communication like this.

R. O.'

What sort of epistle it was that Sara expected, we cannot pretend to say, but this one seemed to freeze her very blood, and when she came to the end of it, she sat staring upon the paper, cold, pale, and motionless. Her bosom at length began to heave, and some unbidden tears rushed into her eyes; but dashing these haughtily away, she rose, and—no, not crushed—but folded firmly up the paper, put it away into her desk, and then unlocked the door, drew up the blind, and throwing open the casement, thrust forth her head into the reviving air. At that moment Molly came to tell her that Mr Seacole was in the parlour, and the captain and Miss Semple having gone out to walk, desired to see her that he might leave a message. Sara obeyed the summons, and descending the stairs with a grave and steady step, walked calmly into the room.

'This is kind of you, Miss Semple,' said the young man, clasping her hand, which was neither offered nor refused. 'I had almost begun to fear that a cloud had come between us which it would be impossible for me to dispel. But I wanted nothing more than to see you alone, to find myself on the same footing of friendly confidence as formerly, placing as I do the most devout reliance both on your justice and generosity.'

'So far as justice is concerned,' replied Sara, making a faint attempt to smile, 'you are right; but unless conscious of a crime, why do you plead for generosity?'

'I am conscious of a crime—or, at least, of what will appear in passionless eyes like yours to be so. Oaklands and I never understood each other, for there was nothing in his cold hard nature with which I could sympathise; but, so far from bearing ill-will against him on account of old school jealousies, it was often one of my dreams that I would some day use the influence of wealth and rank in helping on in the world a protégé of your family. When I saw him in this house, however, when I learned from the talk of the neighbourhood that he was your companion from morning till night, when he came into the room where you were sitting without thinking the ceremony necessary of even putting on his coat—I confess that jealous anger extinguished for a time every generous feeling in my breast. I taunted him with his origin—the very circumstance which, if I had been in possession of my senses, must have rendered jealousy impossible; and I need not say how deeply the shame I felt immediately on leaving the house was aggravated by my recollection of your upbraiding look.' Adolphus spoke with unctious; his manner was warm and frank; and Sara thought his explanation at least probable—and all the more so from his so truly characterising the nature that could have dictated the hard and cold style of that well-intended warning!

But although they were soon on frank and friendly terms again, the warning had its effect; for Sara, in spite of herself, recognised a sort of authority in Robert. She felt that in this case he must have been deceived in his estimate of character, and yet she could not imagine how such a thing was possible. There was, besides, nothing mysterious now in her feelings towards Adolphus; and when he would have renewed the wooing to which she had so recently listened with only too obvious pleasure, she checked him with so much gravity, mingled with so much kindness of manner, that the young man was silenced without being offended.



'It may have been a mere trifle,' said she, 'that made me pause to think; but when thoughts come, there is no stopping them. My dear aunt is even more ignorant of the world than myself, and I am but a poor, motherless girl, with only my own scant wisdom to direct me. My friendship you have: it is all I can at present bestow. We do not know each other well enough for anything else, and perhaps never may, for your majority approaches, when you will doubtless enter into the world, like other young men of fortune. Go, now, Mr Seacole, and when you reflect coolly on what has passed, you will feel that I am right. We shall be happy to see you here as often as you can spare the time. For the present, adieu.' Adolphus accepted the congé, and went away more in love than ever, and perhaps not quite dissatisfied with the result of his visit.

Several times that day the warning was read anew, and by degrees Sara became more reconciled to its manner. The origin of the writer, it appeared, from what Adolphus had said, rendered jealousy of him impossible. Might not Robert have felt something like this himself? How could a moneyless, friendless, most solitary, yet high-spirited adventurer, on just setting out to push his fortune in the world, write otherwise to the near kinswoman of him to whose bounty he owed everything? But did he not write otherwise? Did not his heart betray what his pride would have concealed? Did he not say that he exposed himself to the risk of what his nature abhorred *for her sake*? This was a text on which Sara expatiated with the ingenuity of a village divine, whose seventeenth and lastly is eked out with interminable improvements on the whole; and in a few days she had reasoned herself into a condition to reply to the communication in a style as passionless as its own. 'I have read your warning,' said she, in a private postscript to a public letter, 'not in the cold, stern words in which it is conveyed, but with reference to the context of your whole bearing towards your thoughtless and ignorant pupil. The "happiness of my whole life," however, not being at present, so far as I know, at stake, I look upon it as a general, not a particular lesson, and shall try to beware of forming an opinion on any subject without due deliberation.'

Here the private correspondence between these young people terminated. Robert's subsequent letters were of the varied complexion which one acquainted with his fortune might expect. Now, he told hopefully of his engagements with the picture-dealers, and anon of his determination to shun every connection with so equivocal a business. Then he spoke of his new trade of portrait-painting, giving humorous anecdotes of the sittings; interspersing the whole with hints of the stirrings of his literary ambition, and glimpses of the high life to which he had been introduced, and of the hopes it had raised—and overthrown. In fine, his communications became briefer and less promising, till he announced calmly his intention of seeking, in some mechanical employment, that certainty of a living which he found he could not obtain in any of the higher departments he had tried.

These communications were the events in Sara's history during the period; but in the midst of these there came one of another kind, which smote the still life of Wearyfoot like a tempest. This was the coming of age of the heir of the Hall, and the festivities with which the fortunate occasion was celebrated. It would be vain to conceal the interest and delight with which Sara looked forward to this great day—to the only entertainment she had ever been at since her girlhood grander than tea, toast, and twaddle at the rector's. Every day brought some new report of some unheard-of magnificence in coloured lamps, triumphal arches, and flags; and many an anxious thought did her dress cost her, for her wardrobe was by no means extensive, and she knew only too well the

soundings of the captain's purse, of which she was herself the sole manager. The handsomer frocks she had received during her uncle's comparatively wealthy days were of no use, for the last tucks were out long ago, and it was impossible to stretch the fabric. Fortunately, however, the most elegant and becoming of all dresses, and one that never looks poor, is the cheapest; and Sara determined that her white muslin should be in the latest fashion of Wearyfoot, and that it should be so beautifully made by her own dainty fingers, that not Cinderella herself could have looked finer at the ball.

And she was right there, this young country girl; for when she made her appearance in the parlour of the Lodge on the appointed evening, with her snowy drapery so ample, yet so exquisitely arranged, and her glossy hair parted in plain braids upon her forehead, and surmounted only with a wreath of laurel leaves, she looked like a Greek statue that had come alive, and by mere contact classicised its modern dress. Nor was she without adornments of another kind, for there hung on her queenly neck a double string of oriental pearls of great value, that had belonged to her mother, and her full white arms were clasped with bracelets, likewise of pearls, but differing from each other in shape. When Sara entered the room, the captain rose from his chair with a flush of surprise and pride; nor were her feelings very different on beholding her uncle, for she now saw him, for the first time, in full military costume, with his breast hung with medals; and—facial appendages and all—she thought she had never seen so perfectly soldier-like a man. As for Elizabeth, thanks to the nimble fingers of her niece, one of the glorious satin dresses of her youth had been modernised, and having an ample stock of jewellery, the presents of both brothers, she made quite a rich appearance, and one not out of keeping with the air of antique virginity that was over all.

The captain was proud of his sister, proud of his niece, and proud of his own red coat; but there was something wanting to complete his satisfaction.

'Poor Bob!' said he, looking from one to the other—'if he was but here to see us now!' Sara grew as pale as her own pearls, but the next moment her eye caught the reflection of her figure in the opposite mirror, and she flushed over brow, neck, and bosom. The idea of his seeing her now, it seemed, was not disagreeable, and it perhaps more than balanced for the time her anxiety about him, for when she cast down her eyes, and remarked that it was time to go, a demure smile might have been seen playing at the corners of her mouth.

Molly now came in to announce that the lantern stopped the way, and her great eyes seemed to dilate with joyful surprise as she contemplated the trio. She was terribly demonstrative, was our Molly; and finding no other way to relieve her admiration, just as Sara was going out of the door, the last of the three, she snatched her hand behind, and kissed it vehemently. She then rushed to the front with the lantern—for that was the state held by the grantees of Wearyfoot—and the captain giving his arm to the two ladies, the inhabitants of Simple Lodge set forth for the grand soirée.

The whole affair was very imposingly managed. The costly bronze gates were thrown wide open, and a triumphal arch reared overhead, composed of branches, flowers, and intermingled lights. The trees of the fine avenue interlaced their branches at top, and this leafy vault was thickly hung in its whole length with coloured lamps; and when the visitors emerged upon the lawn near the house, the whole building was seen to be one blaze of light, every window being lavishly illuminated. Sara felt a kind of awe mingle with her delight, and when they were laying down their wrappings in the cloak-room, she almost envied the

demeanour of her aunt, who looked as composed as if she was merely throwing off her shawl at home after a walk. But when their names were shouted from the bottom of the stairs, and echoed by the servant on the landing-place, as he threw open the drawing-room door, the eyes of the country girl dazzled, and she found herself, she hardly knew how, leaning on the arm of Adolphus, and led up to his mother.

Although Sara, however, was in some sort confounded by the novelty of the scene, she took her revenge by confounding in her turn not a few of the company. Her style was so new, that is, in the adaptation of the dress to the head, air, and motion—she was so severely classical, yet at the same time so warm in youth and youthful beauty, that they did not know what to make of her.

'Who is she?' ran in a buzz through the strangers to the neighbourhood.

'The niece of Captain Semple,' replied some of the young men, 'and the finest girl in the county.'

'She is an heiress,' said some of the young ladies—'you may see that by the costliness of her pearls, and the affected simplicity of her cheap muslin gown.' Adolphus saw everything, heard everything; he watched both eyes and words; and with an impetuosity which in reality did not belong to his character, he gave himself up openly to the service of the star of the evening. Since his last private conversation with Sara, he had greatly relaxed in his attentions, rarely availing himself of her general invitation to call; but now the opportunity had come for which he waited, and in the midst of the splendour, hurry, and flattery of this fortunate evening, he hoped to gain her heart by turning her head.

'That is so kind and condescending of your dear son!' said the doctor's innocent lady to Mrs Seacole, who stood observing them from a distance. 'But indeed it is not a cheap muslin she wears, for to my certain knowledge it was bought at Simpson's in the village, and, therefore, you know, it must have cost at least a penny, if not three-halfpence a yard more than if she had gone for it with ready money to the town.'

'Oh,' replied Mrs Seacole, 'your good-nature will make it out to be very costly; but there is your niece, with the richest satin in the room—what a deal of money that must have cost!'

'I admit,' said the lady modestly, 'that it is a superb satin.'

'And yet Adolphus doesn't look near her, any more than if she was dressed in sackcloth!' But although Mrs Seacole turned smilingly away after demolishing the doctor's wife, she was not exactly easy. Her son seemed bent upon committing himself perhaps that very evening, and it was absolutely necessary that she should ascertain what were the real prospects of this charming girl. If she could but get the captain, to whom she had become more accustomed, into a snug, private conversation, she was sure she could worm out of him everything she wanted; but she was somewhat afraid of the philosophical Elizabeth, who was always putting in her 'hypotheses,' as her brother called them, and the two had been sitting together ever since they entered the room.

'Fancourt,' said she, addressing a fashionable-looking man, a cousin of her own—'there is Miss Semple, sitting beside her brother, that hairy officer with so many medals and things—I wish you would pay her some attention. Come, and I will introduce you.'

'I'll ask her to dance.'

'O no, don't; I never saw her dance.'

'You'll see her now then: mark if I don't trot her out.'

Mr Fancourt was as good as his word; for to the great surprise of Mrs Seacole, Elizabeth assented at once to the proposal, as if it had been a matter of course, and stood up to a quadrille as composedly as she would have sat down to a game of whist. When

Sara observed this from a distance, she was thrown into absolute dismay, for she had never seen her aunt dance, and was sure she must be acting through mere absence of mind. But the painful feeling was soon at an end, for Elizabeth glided through the tame, passionless movement with her habitual composure, and even with a certain old-fashioned elegance, which, with her rich dress, tall figure, and waxen features, now suffused by the exercise with a faint colour, attracted general and admiring attention. Everything went on well with our trio. Elizabeth was dancing with the most fashionable-looking man in the room; the captain was in familiar tête-à-tête with the hostess; and Sara, assiduously waited upon by the hero of the evening, was tripping away with some other young people, to throw on their wrappings and go out upon the lawn to observe the effect of the illuminations.

The group strolled about for some time, talking, laughing, and admiring; but when they came into the shrubbery, which was traversed by several paths, they gradually separated into committees, and by and by, in a pause of her animated conversation with Adolphus, Sara was surprised to find that they were alone—not even within hearing of their companions' voices. He made no objection to their returning; but the paths were intricate, and she was not slow of perceiving, that he was her master for the time, and determined that she should listen. Indeed, during the whole evening, there had been an impetuosity in his manner of addressing her, which at times she could ascribe only to his having, on this grand occasion, drunk more wine at dinner than usual.

'See,' said he, when they had gained the summit of an eminence in an open glade, 'there is the Hall close by; look at yonder hoary wood—those distant corn-fields—those great pastures—and here and there the dwellings of the tenantry: all these are mine, and it will cost you but a single word to make them yours! This night I am my own master, and I use my power only to throw myself at your feet;' and literally kneeling on the ground, he seized both her hands and covered them with kisses. Sara was neither alarmed nor indignant: she was full of remorse for having encouraged a delusion so terrible, and it was with many tears she tried gently but firmly to dispel it. Adolphus sprang to his feet.

'Tell me,' said he imperiously, 'do you love another?'

'I answer no such question,' replied Sara, collecting herself, 'and no question at all put in such a tone.'

'There is only one you *can* love, for you have no other intimate in the world; and he is a born vagrant, and a beggar from his infancy to this day.'

'The individual you allude to,' said Sara, with the look of indignation he had seen before, 'entertains towards me, I trust, the feelings of a brother to a sister; and *he*, at least, whatever his circumstances may be, has the soul of a gentleman!'

'Forgive me, Sara,' cried Adolphus, half reassured and half ashamed; 'forgive me, Miss Semple, for I am mad! If you will only promise not to decide at once; if you will give me a week—a month—a year—but at the moment some one thrust in between them, and Mrs Seacole, taking an arm of each, exclaimed with a laugh:—

'Foolish children, you must not be playacting any longer in the night-air! Come, a run, or you will take cold'—and she dragged them down the slope of the eminence. Presently they met some others of the company coming towards them; and Sara, glad that Mrs Seacole released her arm, escaped into the middle of the group.

'Adolphus,' said the mother, drawing her son into another avenue, 'what have you done?'

'Nothing as yet; but'—

'Hear me. She is a beautiful girl, that cannot be denied; but I have learned all about her, and she is

simply the niece of a half-pay captain, and the daughter of a merchant in so paltry a trade, that he could leave his only child—the heiress, as she is called—what do you think?—just two thousand pounds! Now, your estate is respectable, but nothing more, and what you must look for in a wife is either money or rank.

'But I cannot and will not retract. I have asked a question, and must receive the answer.'

'Plenty of time for that, my dear boy. There are some of the first people in the county here to-night, and you will receive invitations from all the world. We have now visits to pay, you know, in different parts of the country, and we shall get to town just as the season commences. Come, you have a brilliant future before you: have more spirit than to stay moping here for the sake of a pretty face.'

By this time Sara had rejoined her party, and found little difficulty in persuading her uncle and aunt not to stay supper, but to retire at once from a scene that was becoming tedious. It was harder to get Molly away, who, ever since their arrival, had been displaying her Terpsichorean accomplishments in the servants-hall, among the other lantern-bearers, and the whole respectability of the lads of the village—including, of course, the baker's son.

After the fête, things gradually subsided into their usual tranquillity at Wearfoot. Sara could almost have imagined that her adventure had been nothing more than a waking dream, for nothing whatever occurred to remind her that she had been formally invited to become the mistress of the Hall, and that the entreaty with which the scene had concluded, incomplete in itself, remained wholly unanswered. In the meantime, the history of Robert, as related in his letters, went on from bad to worse, till at length came the announcement we have mentioned, that he must sink into a mechanical employment for his daily bread; and then followed a silence, long, drear, and ominous.

What were the reflections of the young girl at this time, as day followed day, and week followed week, without bringing a line to say even that the unlucky adventurer was alive, or that, if so, he still retained, in the midst of manual drudgery, any recollection of her; whether she regretted the precipitation with which she had rejected the brilliant fortune that had been placed within her reach; or whether her heart still clung to its first phantasy, unconscious of anything else—it would be difficult to tell. Sara, however, was young, and comparatively new to society, and perhaps it might be fair, in such speculations, to give her the benefit of ignorance and inexperience. At all events, she heard, without any visible emotion, that Adolphus and his mother had left the Hall for some considerable time, and concluded, from their bidding good-by by means of P. P. C. cards delivered by a servant, that they did not consider themselves to be on terms of familiarity with the family of the Lodge.

But the dreariness of the time was broken a little, when one day Molly came to her young mistress, with her face radiant with smiles, and astonishment more visible than ever in her great round eyes. She had a large square letter in her hand, sealed with a wafer, which, although well intended for the middle, had missed its mark, and lay sprawling at one side, half within and half without the fold.

'What is this?' said Sara; 'the letter is addressed to you, Molly; why don't you open and read it? You know you can read now very well.'

'O miss, I can't this time! O it's the first letter I ever had—pray do, Miss Sara, read it to me!' Sara complied with a smile, which was soon changed to a look of interest and anxiety. The letter ran thus:—

'DEAR MOLLY—This comes hoping you are well, myself being the same. O Molly, I have so much news to tell, if the ironing did not put me out; but, thanks be to goodness, I have a good business as a Clear-starcher;

and it cost me a pretty penny to buy it. I can tell you, and intends, next week, to have a light-cart and a nice horse, to send to wait upon ladies. But O, Molly Jinks, to think of what has come to pass! As soon as I settled down in the gravel-pits, I went to call upon my cousin in Charming Street, to inquire about you know who—and I went at the right time. The stody-oh was seized for rent, and Master Robert without a place to paint in. But I managed as cunningly as the Countess of Picklesteifel herself. I knew it was no use offering him money, for although I went on my knees to him at the Lodge, he would not take ten pound; so I sent a decent man to his lodgings, who paid his rent, left the address, and carried his things clean off to the pits.

'How Master Robert stared when he came, and saw it was me! How he shook me by both hands, and how he then sat down in a chair, away near the door, and turned his head that I might not see the tears that had risen into his eyes! But he soon fetched to, and we had supper, and gin and water—it's all gin in London—and such despicable ale!—and he went out the next day, and got fine cabinet-work, and is as steady and respectable as if he was not a gentleman at all, and, in spite of my very soul, pays regular to the last penny for his board and lodging. But see if I don't get him to go out at night in his gentleman's clothes!—and see, when the horse comes, if he doesn't ride round the Park of a Sunday with the best of them! It will come to pass, Molly Jinks, depend upon it. Remarkable things happen in London at night; and the Park is the place where all the great folks go; and Master Robert has a family face that will be known at a mile's distance. But you will hear all in good time, Molly; so no more at present from your most obedient well-wisher,

MARGERY OAKLANDS.'

'P.S.—Molly, I could not send this when it was written for the clear-starching. But only think! Master Robert has written forty pages in print in a large quarterly, and so far beyond me, although you know I am a great reader, that I can't make head or tail of it. When the book came, I could not get him to be proud of it—he was quite down-hearted; but I tried to cheer him up a bit, telling him that although the Capturing and Miss Simple were no great scholars, Miss Sara would read it to them aloud, and understand every word, and be as proud of it as a peacock. O my! if you had seen the start he gave, and the flush of his cheek, and the blaze of his eye, and how he walked up and down the floor for an hour together like any Trojan. Think of that, Molly! But it has done him good—he is now cheerful, more hopeful, more like what he was when I used to peep through a chink of the door to see him dancing with Miss Sara, and the chair, and you, Molly. Don't tell this to Miss Sara, on no account, mind that: I have a reason.'

Sara had read the letter with a pale and anxious face; but the postscript sent the hue of all the roses in the garden into it. For some time after she was very unquiet, bouncing from one end of the parlour to the other on the slightest errand, and then forgetting what she had to do, till at length Molly, who was standing by the water-butt at the side of the house, saw her come suddenly out, and glide into the garden like an apparition. Presently she heard from among the trees at the further corner what might have resembled a prolonged scream, but for its musical intonation. 'Tril-il-il-il-illa!' went up the song, laden with the odours of the flowers, and steeped in the hues of the sky. 'Tril-il-il-il-illa!' and the birds, startled at first, joined unconsciously and spontaneously from every tree in the heart-chorus. 'Tril-il-il-il-illa!' and the leaves seemed to glance and quiver to the strain, the fleecy clouds above to move and mingle, the face of nature herself to change, as if there was a new heaven and a new earth.



When the performance was over, Sara returned to the house, soft, tranquil, and self-possessed; her lustrous eyes not so brilliant as before, but sweet and tender, yet resolved; and her unquiet footfall, though still light and glancing like a sunbeam, as steady and devout as the step of a pilgrim or a martyr.

## THE MONTH:

## THE LIBRARY AND THE STUDIO.

## THE LIBRARY.

A FLOOD of literary announcements, from all the publishers, each after his kind, has inaugurated the new year. There are new books—good, bad, and indifferent; but the principal features of the outpouring are the reprints of standard works, newly edited and annotated, comprehended in the genus of the series. From the West End, Mr Murray announces a new set of British classics, to be published in demy octavo monthly volumes, and to lack nothing either in literary care and accuracy, or in beauty and substantiality of adornment. The series has already commenced with the first volume of the works of Goldsmith, edited by Mr Peter Cunningham, of which more anon. Gibbon's Roman Empire follows, by Dean Milman and M. Guizot. An edition in double columns was published, with a biography and notes by M. Guizot, by Mr Virtue some years ago: whether these are the notes of the edition in question or new ones, remains to be seen. The editor of the Marlborough Street edition is Dr Smith, the classical examiner at the London University; and the work will be completed in eight volumes. Mr Murray, however, has an antagonist in the field. Mr Bohn, of Covent Garden, advertises another Gibbon, 'complete and unabridged, with variorum notes, including, in addition to all the author's own, those of Guizot, Wenck, Niebuhr, Hugo, and Neander.' 'This edition includes every line and every letter of the original work;' 'and where Gibbon's religious views are disputed, both sides of the argument are given unflinchingly.' Murray's edition, eight volumes at 7s. 6d., will cost £3; Bohn's, in six volumes at 3s. 6d., only 21s. But Gibbon is not the only work in which Covent Garden opposes Marlborough Street. New editions of the works of Addison, of Pope, of Goldsmith, of Dryden, are announced by both publishers. Bohn's Addison is Bishop Hurd's edition, and his Pope is Roscoe's; Murray's Pope editor is, of course, John Wilson Croker. So much for the contending publicists. A word for their brethren. The Longmans are bringing forth new editions of McCulloch's *Commercial Dictionary*; of Dr Ure's *Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines*; and Maunder's *Biographical Treasury*: a perfect deluge of practical knowledge. Messrs Hurst and Blackett advertise a tempting corps of lady writers, calculated to suit every taste. There is Miss Mitford, first as *doyenne* of the group; then Mrs Gore, Mrs Trollope, the author of *Amelia Wyndham*, and the author of *Margaret Maitland*. Let the circulating libraries look out! Mr Bentley announces Guizot's *History of Oliver Cromwell and the Commonwealth*; *The Discovery of the Site of the Destroyed Cities of the Plain, Sodom and Gomorrah*, by M. de Sauley, member of the French Institute (a book which, we believe, should be taken with great caution as to its facts); with a new and apparently richly got up edition of Thiers's *History of the French Revolution*. Among Mr Parker's books, we are glad to see a new edition of the *Poetic Remains* of Mr Mackworth Praed; and among Saunders and Otley's, a new edition of one of the most delightful books—by one who is assuredly the most delightful of English lady writers—Mrs Jameson's *Characteristics of Women*.

Among one of the serial classes of books which we have not mentioned, is the Annotated Edition of the

English Poets, from the press of Mr Parker. It commences with the first volume of Dryden, including a detailed life of the poet by the editor, Mr Robert Bell. We somewhat fear that, notwithstanding a few new facts brought forward regarding Dryden's marriage, and an effort to extenuate the affair of the pension, the editorial labours will be generally held as defective. Some whimsical theories of Mr Bell about the meaning of certain words, have been almost everywhere unfavourably commented on. Another and very cheap edition of the English Poets, published by Mr Nichol of Edinburgh, seems to be advancing prosperously, with an impression of about nine thousand.

Professor Forbes has contributed a delightful addition to his travelling and scientific researches in his beautiful volume on Norway and its Glaciers. The learned gentleman went to Kaafjord, in latitude 70 degrees, to see the sun at midnight, and to Bergen, to witness the total solar eclipse of July 28, 1851. In the latter object, he was disappointed by the state of the weather, being the second such mishap he has encountered, for he was equally unfortunate at Turin ten years before. The feeling with which a philosopher would contemplate the sky at such a moment, knowing well that his last chance in this life of seeing a total solar eclipse was passing, has in it something affecting. The professor's general observations on Norway are meagre, in consequence of hasty travelling; but he gives a satisfactory account of the ice-fields of the western region, and of their outlets, where he found the glaciers proceeding on precisely the same principles as in the Alps, thus confirming his former observations on that feature of nature. He gives many valuable observations on the meteorology of Norway.

A widely different work is the *Memoirs of Dr Véron*, the famous editor of the *Constitutionnel*, manager of the Grand Opera—poet, author, politician, *sai-disant* statesman and original doctor. The style of the work may be conceived. It is just the sort of thing to lounge with on a sofa, getting a laugh out of it now and then, and believing as much as you please of the chaos of anecdotes, statements, disclosures, and so forth, touching every class of Parisian society, from imperialism to sans culottism, and passing through the various atmospheres of modern politics—Legitimate, Napoleonite, and *Rouge*; all the spheres of art, from Ingres and Delaroche to Cham and Daumiers of the *Charivari*; revelling in the *coiffures*, and full of the piquancies abounding therein; disclosing all the mysteries of French journalism, sketching the origin of all the principal cafés, with their most noted frequenters and founders. There is, moreover, a great number of absurd anecdotes about Englishmen, but in French writers *cela va sans dire*.

*Balder* is the first part of a long epic by Sydney Yendis, the author of *The Roman*. It is a development of the secret things of the soul, according to the theories, and no doubt guided by the mental experiences of the poet, and consists of outpourings of varied merit, containing passages of unquestionable genius and strong original thought, but frequently degenerating into mysticism.

*Shakespeare Restored*. This is one of the many works with which Shakespeare maniacs amuse the world. The author, who is anonymous, but who dates from Norwich, not content with the puns which Shakespeare so liberally dispensed in accordance with the puerile taste of the times, has set to work to make puns on words in which it is evident the great poet meant only their evident sense. All the irregularities in the arrangement of the lines and of their rhythm are devoutly preserved, and thus are canonised the solecisms. The edition followed is that of 1623. Upon the whole, however, the work has a sort of clever, wrynecked oddity about it which gives it character.

*The Works of Oliver Goldsmith*, edited by Peter

Cunningham. Mr Peter Cunningham, in his preface to this edition, acknowledges candidly various sources whence he drew the new information he professes to give, and the corrections he makes of former misapprehensions. But there is one author—Prior—from whom he borrows very copiously, and that verbatim and literally, without, as we are given to understand, once mentioning his name. The excuse, we hear, is, that Prior's edition is Mr Murray's copyright, and that he thought he had a right to use it for Mr Murray as his own. This is very well for Mr Murray; but how it can serve for Mr Prior, or for the ends of literary justice, we must profess we cannot see.

Alexander Smith has been patronised in his own country in a manner, not brilliant certainly, but which promises to be effective for his immediate benefit. The secretaryship to the Edinburgh University being vacant by the resignation of Professor Wilson's son, the town-council, in whose gift it is, have conferred it on the young poet of the west, in professed consideration of his rising fame, and the desirableness of providing him with an assured income. As the situation is not by any means engrossing, Smith may be expected to have some leisure for cultivating his remarkable gifts. On this occasion, the late employers of the poet, and several other persons acquainted with him, including the Duke of Argyll, bore strong testimony to his 'practical' talents and his unblemished character. Altogether, the appointment is a most gratifying one, and one which, we humbly think, reflects no small credit on the provost and council of the northern capital.

#### THE STUDIO.

Everybody has heard of the startlingly original design by Mr Millais, exhibited in Edinburgh by Mr Ruskin, and justly characterised by him as a work of the highest genius. Of course we allude to the Gothic arch formed by grouped angels, which, for mingled imagination, perfection of drawing, and, we will add, marvellous ingenuity in the arrangement of limbs and wings, is unequalled in its way by anything we have ever seen of mediæval art. We hope to see it soon in stone; at all events, to possess a more finished memorial of so extraordinary a conception than can be afforded by a wood-cut in a journal.

At length we have had an opportunity of judging the disputed question of painted sculptures. A portion of the Crystal Palace frieze of the Parthenon has been painted blue and in strong shadows—unmistakable blue—another portion cream colour, and the third left in the natural hue of the plaster. The result may be imagined. The cream colour was a bad imitation of marble, the blue was an outrage upon ancient Greece. If there be any species of sculpture requiring, for the development of the effects of which it is capable, more delicate handling than another, it is high art basso-relievo. Well, the paint kills these effects; you cannot get at the spirit of the work through chiaroscuro. If ever, indeed, there was a standing emphatic protest against the utter inapplicability of colour, which is the element and the spirit of one art, to give the element and spirit of another—it is to be daily seen in the Crystal Palace.

The other day, we came across some remarks by an Edinburgh sculptor, on the absurdity of putting the statues of men on horseback. The grounds of the argument we consider very tenable—such as, that the horse must necessarily be more conspicuous than the man; that the man is unduly elevated, so that the delicacies of the sculpture are to some extent lost; that the whole position is unnatural for portrait statues; that if the horse appear to be in motion, the effect is so much the worse; and finally, that the expense of the marble or the bronze for the animal is absurd and unreasonable. There can, at all events, be no doubt about the last observation. The costly material

necessary to construct a horse would make at least two human statues.

They are putting up ornaments of sculpture—what sculpture!—on the gateways and stone-posts which are placed in the semicircle of railing which stretches round the new façade of Buckingham Palace. The smaller posts—they cannot by any perversion of speech be called pillars—are being decked with a perpendicular garland, coming through a circular wreath, and flanked on either side by a couple of branches. The larger posts in the vicinity of the gate have a repetition of the garland, but this time the pendants are clusters of fruit and agricultural produce. Two of them boast a lion and a unicorn, not couchant, not rampant, but squatted with their paws on the armorial bearings, just as Madame Puss sits with her toes upon the fender. But the gate is the triumph of all. Beneath, in basso-relievo, there are more of the wreaths and garlands, but relieved by representations of implements of arts and sciences; and above, on the eight corners of the square gate-posts, are eight stone dolls—we can call them nothing else—the fac-similes of each other, each holding a sceptre in each hand, and linked together by the eternal wreaths and garlands. The style of art is what you see in the stone-masons' and sculptors' yards in the New Road.

Looking in the other day at the studio of Mr Alex. Munro, who is fast rising in his profession, we found him engaged upon a bust of Sir Robert Peel for an institution at Stockport. The likeness—an excellent one, of a most difficult face to represent—was in a great degree studied, not from any former bust or picture, but at the suggestion of Mr Gladstone, who furnished the cut, from a drawing by Leech of Sir Robert introducing a little Sir Robert—it was at the time when his second son made a most favourable *début* in the House—to Mr Punch, with the words: 'My son, Mr Punch;' the plate entitled 'A Chip of the Old Block.' This portrait of Sir Robert—the junior is a fac-simile of the elder—the honourable gentleman considered, and most justly, by far the most perfect representation of the great statesman that had been ever executed. The expression of the face, so subtle and so difficult to catch, was rendered to the exact life—nay, even the expression of the figure, the limbs so curiously turning round each other as he walked—with the long white cravat, the long light waistcoat, the ample surcoat, likewise made long, the very sleeves coming down to the mid-finger—all these peculiarities, so familiar to those who were much about the House, were rendered so as to bring the great man before our eyes 'in his habit as he lived.'

#### SWEDISH NAMES.

Few of the Swedish peasants have surnames, and in consequence their children simply take their father's Christian name in addition to their own: for example, if the father's name be Sven Larsson, his sons', in consequence, would be Jan or Nils Svens-son; and his daughters', Maria or Eliza Svens-daughter. The confusion that this system creates would be endless, were it not that in all matters of business the residence of the party is usually attached to his name.—*Lloyd's Scandinavian Adventures.*

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